

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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THE FIGHTING INSTINCT: By Frank A. Clement.

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Notes of the Week

The War—and the News

NEVER, perhaps, were people called upon to show patience in more trying circumstances than the present. The great battle, which, it seemed, must be near the end a week ago, still continues. At least, we believe it still continues. What the Press Bureau permits to be published is more views than news. There is a feeling of optimism in both London and Paris which is very different from the half-hearted tone of the official communications which come through from Berlin. That optimism is based on assurances that everything is going satisfactorily. We are told that the Germans have made violent attempts to break the Allies' lines, and have been repulsed; we are told that they hoped to unnerve our men with their monster guns, but that the British soldier is hard to depress or impress; we have impressionist accounts—quite official, too—of the wool-like effect of the bursting of a shell in the sunshine; from it all we gather that the Franco-British forces have gradually but surely been forging the doom of the German right wing. This battle, which is properly now described as a siege, has, it is pretty certain, gone steadily in favour of the Allies, though, it is to be feared, at terrible cost. In Belgium the Germans have been active, possibly preparing for the time when they will be on the defensive in that shockingly abused country. To the east and south-east the fortunes of war have gone against them. Russia has continued her

brilliant course, and is facing north and west towards Berlin. Germany's one item of solace during the week has been the raids of the *Emden* in the Bay of Bengal, annoying and even costly to commerce, but of no effect otherwise. The *Emden's* career will not be of lengthy duration; it is, indeed, a little difficult to understand how she has managed to escape so far.

Empire Breaking and Empire Making

"Germany's Empire must go," we wrote a month ago; it is going rapidly; Australia and New Zealand have disposed of her South Sea possessions. Japan is making progress at Kiao-chau, and the French and British have taken the Cameroons. In South-West Africa, the operations are not so simple because Germany has long been preparing to enter the heritage of Great Britain whenever the Boers should give them the opportunity. The fine action of General Botha in taking the field against the German raiders will be a bitter pill to the author of the notorious Kruger telegram—more bitter even than the loss of Germany's diamond town. General Beyers had scruples, and his resignation has only thrown into sharp relief the loyalty to-day of some of the stoutest of our enemies of fourteen years ago. With certain representatives of the Dutch in South Africa the racial animosity to which the Boer War was due is only thinly veiled, but others more sane and more generous, like General Botha and General Smuts, have blotted out unpleasant memories. General Smuts is contemptuous of lip-loyalty. In unmaking her own, Germany has done much to cement the British Empire.

Germany's Warning

British airmen have given Germany a gentle hint of what she may expect if her Zeppelins go on releasing shells promiscuously into the midst of cities, to the ruin of undefended buildings and the sacrifice of non-combatant lives. British aeroplanes from the Naval Wing made a daring flight over Dusseldorf and dropped bombs on the Zeppelin sheds. So far, Germany has been beaten badly in the air. Her Zeppelins cause scares and work mischief, but accomplish nothing that may serve her ends as a combatant. One flew over Paris on Sunday and dropped four bombs which killed an old gentleman and inflicted shocking injuries on a girl. Germany shoots franc-tireurs at sight; she will not recognise irregular warfare. Yet what is this bomb dropping into cities but irregular and wholly wanton destruction? Reprisals, however repellent to British feeling, may become necessary. Germany has had warning.

Ireland and the War

Mr. Asquith went to Ireland as the recruiting officer in chief of the British Empire. He asked Irishmen to form an Irish brigade, "or, better still, an Irish army corps"; he told how every part of the Empire had responded to the call, and he was able to announce that that day the first Indian contingent had landed

at Marseilles. In speaking to Ireland of the right of small nationalities he was preaching to the converted, and Mr. Redmond drove home the recruiting appeal by asking, "Is not this an Irish war?" It is, of course, difficult for Ulstermen, even in the face of the German menace, to forget Home Rule and the manner in which the Government used their opportunity under the Parliament Act. Keenly though they feel on the subject, it is matter for regret that Sir Edward Carson should not withhold expression of their indignation till the alien enemy has been disposed of. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law have put Unionist sentiments on record, and between now and the time when Home Rule can come into operation a thousand things may happen.

The Pen and the Sword

Additions continue to be made to the imposing array of British authors and dramatists who have issued a Declaration of their attitude to the War. The signatories note Germany's pompous pretensions to "culture" and a high destiny as the ordained civilising power in Europe and the world: "these views, inculcated upon the present generation of Germans by celebrated historians and teachers, seem to us both dangerous and insane." Hence British authors support the cause of the Allies "with a full conviction of its righteousness." Men of marked intellect do not publish their opinions thus without deep thought, and the deliberate gravity of the wording of this protest will carry the more conviction because many of the authors concerned admit that their feelings toward Germany were for years friendly and full of goodwill. In such a list, we are sorry not to find the name of Mr. Henry James. Did he refuse to sign, or was he not asked? Perhaps he was overlooked in company with Mr. James R. Thursfield, Sir Francis Burnand, and a number of others we could mention, who, however friendly to Germany in the past, would wish to associate themselves with this denunciation of the "calculated and ingenious ferocity" with which Germany has made war. Possibly, as an American born, Mr. Henry James thought it wiser to refrain; but he is really one of us by this time.

"Academy" Dum-dums

The Kaiser's retreat from Nancy was ungallant.

All-lies versus the Allies sums up the war situation.

The *Daily Express* says German fears of airship attacks on cathedrals and hospitals are "groundless." They are, of course, in the air.

Germany expects Mr. Churchill to resign. Mr. Churchill's latest speech shows that Germany is as near the truth as usual.

Spies should not use glasses smoked by the flame of war; their place in the sun is only thrown into stronger relief.

Sir Edward Carson practises what he preaches; as a staunch Unionist he could not remain single.

WE TWO

To the Gallant Gentlemen of France

"*Nos Anglais.*" We treasure your term and accept it.

Messieurs, we reciprocate all you'd imply.

We gave you our word and in honour we kept it—

In honour we live, and for honour we'll die.

We war on an enemy pitiless, cruel—

A crazy barbarian destined to rue

The day we joined forces in fighting God's duel.

Together we'll fight to a finish—we two!

From Belgium's red waste cry the children of sorrow—

Ah! brave little nation now writhing in pain—

Messieurs, let us press for a glorious morrow,

Avenging the plundered, the tortured, the slain.

We war against rapine paraded as "culture";

But fool-like our foeman revealeth his hue:

Instead of an eagle we're flushing a vulture,

And all in good time we shall bag him—we two!

To William, the arrogant prince of all evil—

The apostate Christian now stripp'd to the world,

Who prates of his God while invoking the devil—

The measure and might of our challenge is hurl'd.

To "William the witless," whose legions lie rotting,

We'll proffer our claim for a settlement due;

We'll write a big bill for his venomous plotting

And see that he pays the last farthing—we two!

Woe! Woe! to the church-sacking vandals of Prussia,

Who fame but for pillage and murder have won.

Set firm as the tide, irresistible Russia

Rolls onward and over the neck of the Hun.

"On, on to Berlin!" is the cry of the nations

Whose quarrel is just and whose story rings true.

So, shoulder to shoulder, *Messieurs*, at our stations!

For God and the right we are winning—we two!

W. H. GADSDON.

A small volume, which will certainly be of wide interest just now, is being issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, entitled "Naval Recognition Book: How to Identify Ships at Sea," by Fred T. Jane. It shows all types of British ships in silhouette, and contains much useful information.

The Spoils of World-War

BY RAYMOND RADCLYFFE

WE are only beginning to realise the truth that Germany has been preparing for this war since the Kaiser dismissed Bismarck. Yet there is complete evidence of the fact. For the German diplomatist is clumsy, and the German writer very frank. Every man, woman, and child throughout Germany has become Pan-German. This means that Germany not only intended to rule the world, but also to possess it. And possess it not as Great Britain or the United States or even Russia possesses it—peacefully—but hold it by the sword. I remember travelling upon the same steamer with a high-born German who was going out to the Solomon Islands for his Imperial master. He proposed ruling by force. Knowing something of the South Seas, I suggested that he would be promptly killed if he attempted to land fully armed. But the German mind is curiously built. It has come to believe in Force as we Anglo-Saxons believe in Justice: something that cannot fail. I need hardly say that the poor man was, together with his landing force, killed—and probably eaten. But though sheer brutality did not succeed in any of the German colonies it has succeeded temporarily in Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine, and Prussian Poland. The inhabitants of these countries may not like their masters, but they obey them. In each case the annexation was the signal for unheard-of cruelties. Therefore there is no doubt that Germany intends to annex Belgium if she wins the present war. The prelude to possession is always terrorism in the Teutonic mind.

When the Kaiser said on New Year's Day, 1900, "I shall reorganise my Navy, and with its help the German Empire shall attain to a place which it has not yet reached," he meant that he would one day annex Belgium and probably Holland. Antwerp is one of the greatest ports in Europe, as it is one of the best fortified. The possession of the Low Countries has been the urgent desire of Germany for many years. Both Belgium and Holland have long been full of German spies. German business people have been attempting to accustom the Belgian and the Dutchman to annexation. The Belgian Congo is keenly desired by Germany. We may be quite sure that a German victory includes the wholesale transference of all Belgium and her colonies. In Morocco the Kaiser pretends an interest, but one doubts his sincerity. The land is not rich. It would be troublesome to rule. It

has always seemed to me that the real point of attack is Palestine and Asia Minor, where huge sums of German money have been sunk, where an immense system of railways is being built and a great scheme of irrigation being carried out, ostensibly by Turkey, but actually by Germans. Mesopotamia is one of the richest districts in the Near East. With Smyrna a German port, the Teuton would hold the whole of Asia Minor and Palestine, and would eventually seize Egypt. This is a vast scheme. But so convinced was the English Foreign Office that it might be attempted that Germany was informed that the prolongation of the Bagdad Railway to the Persian Gulf would be considered a *casus belli*.

It is unlikely that France would lose much beyond her money. Perhaps the Tahiti group would be added to Samoa, and Italy might be rewarded for her neutrality by a piece of Tunis. This is supposed to be arranged for. The two points aimed at are Belgium and the Near East, to include eventually Egypt and the Suez Canal.

It would be idle to discuss the future of Austria from the point of view of a triumphant victor. Serbia has already invaded Bosnia and Herzegovina; she has driven Austrian troops out of Serbia; and Russia, who can never be conquered by Germany, as Bismarck fully realised, would not permit any infraction of Slav hegemony. Moltke said, "I know three ways into Russia; I do not know one way out." If Germany wins, she will make friends once again with Russia.

But suppose that she does not win. Suppose that, when winter comes, and the marsh land and lake land of Eastern Prussia is one hard snow-bound plain, Russia pours her millions into that desolate country. Suppose the Allies in the west continue to push back the Germans, and that Germany, pressed on both sides, is obliged to sue for peace. What will the terms be then?

There is much talk of a disintegration of the German Empire. Hanover, Prussia, Bavaria, and the rest are once again to be separate States. Hungary will be an independent kingdom. Poland, once more united, will regain its language and a semi-independence. Russia has pledged herself to this romantic revival of a Polish kingdom. Indeed, the national spirit is abroad, and no one would be at all astonished if the Powers handed back to Denmark her long-lost provinces. France will assuredly regain Alsace and Lorraine. That is what she is fighting for, what she has never lost sight of. France and

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Germany might have been the greatest friends to-day, had not greedy Bismarck seized these provinces. They have already cost Germany many hundreds of millions in armaments alone. They may cost her very empire.

It is easy to see what France wants, and what she will get if she wins. But it is not quite so easy to apportion the spoils in the case of Russia. She may take a fancy to a strategic frontier like the Vistula, which can hardly be crossed in summer. But probably Russia needs Constantinople more than anything else in the world, and England, who has always barred the way, can hardly refuse it. There are really no valid arguments against it. It is preposterous that a great empire like Russia, perhaps the richest in the world next to the United States, should be at the mercy of the Turk. Clearly that estimable person will have to retire to Asia Minor and Greece, and Bulgaria will divide up his land under the guidance of the Tsar. Roumania, if we are to act upon the nationality plan, must take Transylvania, for it is inhabited by Wallachians, and has long been coveted by the Roumanian nation.

The Austrian Empire appears doomed. It has only hung together because the Emperor is beloved. Even as I write, I am assured that the Hungarians may at any moment proclaim themselves an independent nation. If they do, there is no one to say them "Nay." But though Serbia has won Bosnia and Herzegovina, and will keep them, who can say what will happen to Albania? The inhabitants are brigands, savages, an independent race. Some are inclined to throw in their lot with Greece. It may be that Montenegro, as her reward, shall receive Durazzo and the northern hinterland, but no national feeling exists in Albania. Each sect hates the other. The Powers only agreed to an independent Albania because it seemed the easiest way out of an impossible position. But those who knew the country simply laughed. There is no peaceable solution of the Albanian question that will stand argument.

Italy is in the beautiful position of "Heads I win, tails you lose." If the Entente win, she gets Trieste and as much of the Adriatic coast as Serbia doesn't want. If the Alliance wins, she takes Tunis. The real danger here is the intense rivalry between the Greeks and the Italians. To-day they hold most of the coasting trade of the Levant. Both are maritime nations. Both compete in the same markets. Each is jealous of the other. Neither has any particular claim upon either of the contending parties. The adjustment of their demands when the map of Europe has to be altered will give immense trouble.

I have not dealt with the Austrian question at all. That is a matter no one can possibly say anything about. The Germans, the Croats, the Czechs may form a small empire of their own outside Hungary, who has her mind made up and will not be gainsaid. The theory of national small States, each one ruling in its own little territory amongst its own people, is

all fashionable to-day. Therefore the Triple Entente may succumb to the temptation to be fashionable, and we may see Vienna, Prague, Innsbruck separate courts. We may live to see another king of Bohemia. Who knows?

And heroic Belgium. What of her? She can get no more than the eternal honour she has won by her bravery, the supreme pity of the world. No money, and that she will assuredly get, can replace her ancient cities; no gold, her murdered children, her dishonoured daughters. Suffering has crowned her with an ineffable glory which will last through the ages. That shall be the reward of her people, and they would wish no other.

The Fighting Instinct

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

"HOW would one feel and bear oneself in these awful conditions?" is a question which the man in the street asks himself a hundred times a day, as he reads of Mons and the Marne and the Aisne. It is always a surprise to the civilian turned soldier that he becomes so rapidly inured to a life so terrible. We read of the horrors of war, of the tremendous destructiveness of its modern engines, of heroic assaults and counter-assaults that decimate regiments; we are told the number of dead and wounded; and yet, and from the very midst of what seems to us an inferno of terror and of suffering, we also hear of some simple jest, such as that told the other day of one of our men, who, after the trench in which he lay had been shelled, painted upon a biscuit tin the words, "Business as usual," and set it up in front of the trench, facing the enemy. Perhaps this touch of flippancy proves more thoroughly than any serious argument the fact that human nature is much the same under all conditions, and that war is nothing like so unnatural as the civilian is apt to suppose. "One talks of hell-fire on the battlefield, but I assure you it makes no more impression on me now than the tooting of motors. Habit is everything, especially in war, where all the logic and psychology of one's actions are the exact reverse of civilians'." So writes a Russian soldier from the battlefield in Prussia, and once again brings to our attention the apparently anomalous fact that the civilian soon sheds his "civility" upon the stricken field. The writer ascribes his loss of fear to habit, and believes that all his civilian logic and psychology have gone by the board. Nearly everyone will readily endorse his view that, after the first thrill of fear has passed, human nature on the battlefield is subject to some curious psychological change of a supernatural and utterly inexplicable character, and acquires a "habit" in a period that may be counted in minutes. No doubt the rapidity with which man is able to respond to his environment is one of the chief factors that have led to his evolutionary advance, yet it would

be strange indeed if he could acquire a "habit" of facing shrapnel unmoved in a day, or a year, or a decade. Surely it must be something far different from the acquisition of a habit that turns the civilian so suddenly into a warrior. A very little reflection will tell us what that something is.

Of all the instincts with which human nature is endowed the fighting instinct is the keenest and the eldest, and all the habits taught or enforced by education, by law, or by custom are but curbs upon it. If, for the sake of argument, we put the age of man upon the earth at a million years, then for at least nine hundred and ninety thousand years the two great instincts—the fighting and the social—were rigorously selected. It was the fighters, in bands, clans, tribes, or nations, who lived to tell the tale, the best and the bravest of the warrior races who survived to carry on the race. Compared with these æons of evolution during which the fighting instinct was selected, the most ancient of civilised periods was but the day before yesterday. Need we then wonder that even after some two thousand years of civilian education the fighting man lies latent beneath the thickest strata of continuously and laboriously acquired habits? When the Russian soldier believed he had acquired a habit of war he was mistaken. The civilian responds so readily to battle conditions because he sheds habits and reverts to his ancestral type. It has taken him years to acquire the rudiments of his craft, trade, or profession, and all the social etiquette of his class. It may take him months to learn to drill or to shoot straight. But the lust of battle lies at the roots of his nature, and fires his blood in a moment of time. It would be difficult to recognise in a fierce and ragged warrior charging the guns the suave young solicitor of a week or so ago, who thought in six-and-eightpences and was anxious about the set of his tie; yet, after all, this is the real man, and the other was but the mask he wore, a mask of education, of habits, of timidity. This is the real man, afire with loves unutterable and hates that cannot be measured, fighting, as through the ages his ancestors fought, for all he holds dear, for country, home, wife, children, comrades, a flag, a "scrap of paper," a plighted word. He has had no time to acquire habits. This environment of war is one which his civilian mind had never conceived, yet something in him responded to it in a flash. He saw, gasped, and understood, and henceforth the roar of guns is to him no more than "the tooting of motors." Habits—what are habits when the primeval instincts call?

The Russian soldier continues: "The sensation of fear is atrophied. You can no more live with fear in war than in peace without a heart. You don't care a farthing for your life. To murder is something necessary, sometimes glorious—never a crime. . . . We don't think of dangers. In this, our new frame of mind, we go and do the perfectly normal, natural things that you call heroism." These statements are doubtless true enough, but we think that during the moment's leisure in which the letter was written the

civilian habit of thought returned, or the word "murder" would never have crept in. It is a word for which war should have no use. D'Enghien and perhaps Ney were murdered, but who would speak of the "murder" of Nelson or Wolfe? Yet if our friend thus slips, he more than makes amends by giving us that fine phrase, "the perfectly normal, natural things that you call heroism." The use of the two words "normal" and "natural" in such a connection is most arresting. The writer recognises, albeit sub-consciously, that to the soldier in the field all that happens is normal and natural, death and heroism and lack of fear—that, in fact, there is in man some great quality that harmonises at once with the conditions of war. The real terrors are for the non-combatants; to be in it and not of it, that is the extreme of anguish; then, indeed, is produced an environment to which human nature can never respond, abhorrent to every instinct and every habit, which creates for a time the utter emptiness of a hopeless despair. This it is that we mean, or should mean, when we speak of the horrors and evil of war, the labour of years laid waste. Here is nothing normal or natural; it is all abnormal and unnatural and full of fear.

It must not, however, be held that the soldier's logic and psychology are the exact reverse of the civilian's. They are essentially the same, showing different manifestations under different conditions. It is for and not against civilisation that the soldier fights. He fights for his civic ideals, and his cause is base or noble as his ideals are base or noble. To the soldier anarchy is as abhorrent as it is to the civilian; he fights for the ordered life, for the social system which he knows and approves. While the struggle lasts, he is, as we have said, the real man, naked and unashamed; but when the last shot is fired, and the war-clouds have rolled away, he takes up his hard-earned habits where he left them, as a man stripped for toil may again take up his coat. The fighting instinct dies down; the social instinct again becomes paramount. The six-and-eightpences again matter immensely, and the set of a tie is worth consideration. Human nature is human nature, no matter what the conditions, and he who never feared the roar of the shrapnel steps warily when the motor toots. The life that seemed to matter so little when home and Empire were in danger seems to matter vastly when home and Empire are secure.

The publication of a book dealing with the early career of Bernadotte, to be issued in the early autumn by Mr. Murray, will come at a seasonable moment. His youth was spent in a period of political commotion, when collisions between the civil and military authorities and between the Republican volunteers and regular troops afforded him his first opportunity, and presented a situation which has been paralleled in some events of recent history. As a soldier in the wars with Austria, and as Ambassador at Vienna, where his mission terminated in a scene of violence which created a European sensation, Bernadotte took a prominent part in international affairs.

An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.

SIR,—Young as you still are, you are a statesman with a past. It is a past, much of which, I cannot doubt, you would to-day be glad to forget. Were it not for the tragedy in which we are all involved, I confess that few things would accord me greater amusement than to take a rapid survey of the salient points in a career which, to put it quite politely, has been full of adventure, and that not merely on the physical side. Your political gyrations, your platform statements, your chameleon partisanship, the nimble Nimrodism of your achievements in Parliament and in the wilds of Africa, your unfailing confidence in yourself as the one person on earth who could teach experts their business—all this of the past I purposely refrain from characterising for the sake of the present. I want to utter no unkind word, though the humours of a momentous crisis do not escape me. You are working in company with Lord Kitchener to-day for the salvation not merely of the British Empire but of the world's civilisation. Have you and he found time to refight the Battle of Omdurman, which eighteen years ago you would have fought so much better than he?

The clue to your character came for most of us when we read your book on your sporting holiday in East Africa. Mighty mammals fell to your rifle; the very lions cleared off with unwonted haste as instinct warned them of the approach of a greater lion than any of them; only once did you step aside with a momentary forgetfulness of your own superiority to all things that moved. You had come upon the columns of the marching soldier-ants—the tiny warriors who hurl themselves in masses upon any who dares obstruct their progress. You must needs, of course, interfere with them with your stick, and you saved yourself from hideous torture, death even, by throwing away your stick and beating an undignified retreat. That incident comes forcibly to mind to-day, when fate has imposed its walking-stick into the midst of another army from whose onward march you and those for whom you so largely stand were expected to jump incontinently aside.

That the Kaiser is sorely disappointed with Great Britain, and that the credit of the Government to which you belong is proportionate to his chagrin, we may reasonably assume. He is probably most disappointed with you, and to-day, of all the villainous men in the British Government, according to German reading, you are the villain incarnate, greater even than Sir Edward Grey. "Et tu Brute!" was not uttered by Cæsar with more meaning than it would be uttered by his Imperial Majesty, were you at hand. Some of your speeches in the early days of your Radicalism led him, as it led a few thousands at home, to believe that you were of the peace-at-any-price party and pro-German withal. You were the Kaiser's guest at the German military manœuvres in 1909, and you distinguished yourself in that year by supporting, if not actually

leading, the movement in favour of reducing the British Naval Estimates. You had an opportunity, denied to most of us, of witnessing the German army playing at war, and possibly you formed pretty shrewd views then as to what the German army might do in actual conflict. You did not go through the Boer War for nothing, any more than did the majority of the British officers. Did you, when the Kaiser's guest, imagine that you would ever be called to the control of the British Navy, and be given a greater opportunity still of studying German methods?

With your tongue in your cheek, a couple of years ago, you offered Germany a year's holiday from Dreadnought building if she would agree. No man, as I know from sources which were by no means friendly to yourself, ever threw himself more ardently into the task of making assurance doubly sure than you did when you went to the Admiralty. You had learnt something—something not entirely in keeping with certain speeches which drove to fury and despair the men who knew what the Navy meant to Great Britain. Germany was using every means at her command, legitimate or illegitimate—the secret acceleration of her building programme, the subornation or attempted subornation of British officials, the most elaborate and costly of spy systems—with a view to Britain's undoing. From the moment you discovered what Germany's little game was, I venture to say, and I honour you for it the more eagerly because of earlier misgivings, that game was doomed to ignominy. It has been my aim to follow with all possible care and insight the naval arrangements of the British Empire in the last ten or dozen years. Your policy of concentrating in home waters has often seemed to me, as I know it has seemed to Australians and others, purely selfish and unwise. We now know you were acting on information which none but you and your immediate advisers could possibly possess or even suspect. Your words in Liverpool the other day should be burned into the brain of any man who doubts the justice of British action:—

I became responsible for this great department of the Navy, and I have had to see every day evidence of the espionage system which Germany maintained in this country. I have had the evidence put under my eye month after month of the agents whom they have maintained year after year here in great numbers. These men have exported all the details of our naval organisation that they could get by bribery and subornation. We have been the subjects of a careful and deliberate and scientific military reconnaissance. Well, they know all about us. If they like to come they know the way.

When Germany decided that the hour had come to strike, she found the British Navy better prepared even than her own army, and she is entitled to complain that she did not expect this, even though you had openly warned her not to trade on the assumption of our unreadiness. The bombast of your partisanship probably blinded her to the truth as to your patriotism. Our own mistrust of you gave her confidence. The party system has worked much mischief to England,

but in this instance its broils and its menace were a veil to our national spirit which neither German culture nor German militarism could penetrate.

At a big naval review two years ago I watched you dashing from ship to ship in the Admiralty cutter; it seemed a little theatrical and fussy; it was, as a matter of fact, evidence only of the energy and thoroughness with which you have mastered your business; from the submarine to the hydroplane, the instruments of naval warfare on the water, under the water, above the water, you know them all. The crisis has brought us a new Britain; I may say without offence that it has also brought us a new Winston Churchill. From this world-crucible he emerges pure gold. And in this hour one's mind goes back to the 'eighties and the home in Connaught Place. How happy Lord Randolph would have been could he have foreseen what his son was to stand for in the future of the Empire your father loved so well.

I am, Sir, your obedient

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

REVIEWS

The Four C's in Soldiering

Quick Training for War. By Lieut.-General Sir R. BADEN-POWELL. (Jenkins. 1s. net.)

IF books were sold on intrinsic value, Sir Robert Baden-Powell's little volume would be issued at a sovereign, whilst some of the more pretentious and bulky guides to matters affecting the present crisis would be relatively well paid for at, say, sixpence. It is handy, practical, and helpful in every line, and charged with that cheery good-nature which has made the name of Baden-Powell a household word. The official manuals contain everything that is useful and much that is inspiring, but their usefulness is often limited because it is not given to every young officer to interpret. Interpretation is precisely the gift which Sir Robert possesses, and that he has imagination and resource far beyond the common we happily all recognise. A book by him on the readiest method of turning out live, healthy and expert soldiers is, therefore, bound to be an invaluable supplement to the official manual. And it is written by one who has had the opportunity of testing theory by practice and of correcting practice by hard experience. He has four C's for soldiering: Courage, Commonsense, Cunning and Cheerfulness. Not the least illuminating section of the book is that on how to inculcate courage, and the strange German idea of the way to inspire confidence, "the component of courage." Confidence will come from the soldier's knowledge that he is not being recklessly sacrificed, Sir Robert points out: what else but reckless sacrifice is the German method now being daily illustrated? Sir Robert writes:

I once had a little argument on this point with the German Emperor. He objected to the system in our

training which teaches the men to spread out and to take cover in advancing to the attack. He said, "You teach them to be afraid of the bullets before they have even heard one. In the German Army we march the men by rank after rank of their fellows; they cannot fail to carry the position." This seems a good theory, but one wants to see the result before one can judge. I imagine it would require an army very strong in reserves and very strong in nerves to carry it through successfully. Our Army is small and we cannot supply the weight of numbers required for this form of confidence. The more intelligent the men the less inclination they have to be ruthlessly sacrificed.

The real value of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's hints is that they serve to remind us how much is necessary beyond mere drilling: if drill were everything the success of German arms would be assured; élan and individual intelligence are more. The chapter on Cunning, with its amusing anecdotes, will show what can be done to supplement regulations and routine in face of an enemy.

The Consul-General as Journalist

Political and Literary Essays, 1908-1913. By the EARL OF CROMER. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

LORD CROMER would have made an excellent journalist if his lines had not been cast in gubernatorial places. He is a quite competent reviewer of the order who takes most of his points and his material from the book entrusted to him. He brings wide and varied experience to his task, it is true, and occasionally we get a touch which pierced the veil of anonymity so far as to show that the reviewer had had more intimate contact with affairs than the average journalist can claim. This book is made up mainly of reviews reprinted from the *Spectator*, supplemented by an occasional article from the *Quarterly* or an introduction reprinted from somebody else's book—to wit, Mr. Sydney Low's "Egypt in Transition." When we say that Lord Cromer would have made an excellent journalist, we are thinking of the fact that his political and literary essays range from reviews of biographies of Lord Lyons and Lord North to articles on Imperial Germany, French civilisation, charity organisation, Greek imperialism, and the Mormons. His selection would be amazing if it were not—mere journalism. These essays are full of interesting points—none the less interesting because they are all familiar to those of us who, as journalists, have had to read the books which inspire them. All the tricks of the journalist are as familiar to Lord Cromer as the business of running Egypt through the shoals and quicksands of international diplomacy. And we admire his complacent self-satisfaction: he reprints these reviews just as he wrote them. What he has written he has written, and apparently it would be sacrilege to "cancel half a line." We are impressed by this fact when we read in different sections sentences that the ordinary journalist would blue-pencil as "doubles," and when we find that in this volume of

three hundred and fifty pages "space" is inadequate to the demands of themes treated journalistically. In a review of Lord Lyons we are told: "Limitations of space preclude the possibility of dealing adequately with the diplomatic history of the period which ensued after the close of the Franco-Prussian War." In a review of Lord Morley's "Notes on Politics and History" we read: "Limitations of space preclude the possibility of dealing with the application of the principle that 'the State is Force' in the domain of the internal legislation of nations."

If Lord Cromer found necessary the conventional apology of the mere journalist for inability to say all he wished to say, or might say, the editor he served might at least have deleted so obvious a trick of the reviewer's trade. If reference to matters of first-rate importance must be made, the editor who knows his business will surely estop his contributor from proclaiming the "limitations of space." These irritating touches apart, we can only say that there is in these essays much that is acutely observant and informative for the man who does not go to sources for himself. Particularly opportune are Lord Cromer's reflections on, and excerpts from the writings of, Prince von Bulow. In view of all that is being written and said to-day, one passage is noteworthy: "The Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 was, Prince Bulow thinks, conceived in a spirit hostile to Germany. This view is certainly erroneous. The origin of that agreement is to be found in the fact that both nations simultaneously appreciated the danger, lest the frequent bickerings which occurred in Egypt and elsewhere might sooner or later seriously imperil their own friendly relations *inter se*." That was written before the war, and none knows better than Lord Cromer how true is the view on which it is based. Germany was so absorbed in her efforts to keep possible enemies apart that their coming together was necessarily a menace!

A Book for Business Men

Commercial Law in War Time. By A. F. CLEMENTS and H. G. WATERSON. (Dawson and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

MESSRS. CLEMENTS AND WATERSON seem to us to succeed in making successful appeal to two worlds—that of the commercial man in difficulties as to his precise legal position in time of war and that of the lawyer who may be called upon to advise him. Perhaps the necessity for such a work could not better be illustrated than by the fact that in the brief space of time necessary to its passing through the press the law has been modified as to the moratorium and an addendum is inserted—a proof of the keenness of the authors to keep their information up to date. In a thousand and one ways a state of war between States affects the transactions of individuals who do not always understand that "it recognises no individuals as units, but only as individuals in their aspect of members of a belli-

gerent State." Both general principles and the actual details of relationship affecting the alien enemy are fully elucidated in this modest volume. The authors call it "a book for business men," but we shall be much mistaken if it does not prove a book for the lawyer also. Mr. Clements is a barrister and Mr. Waterson a solicitor, whilst assistance in its preparation has been given by another barrister, Mr. Cyril M. Picciotto; there can be little doubt that the advice it tenders is worth the fees which in other circumstances would go to both branches of the legal profession. Maritime Law, the Moratorium, Trade Contracts, Insurance, and other matters are all covered, and the opinions given are technically supported by appendices which will save the average man a considerable amount of time and trouble spent in research. The commercial man who has for years been engaged in amicable and profitable trade with a country whose subjects become alien enemies does not always immediately recognise the risks he runs by attempting to complete contracts which he may think, or choose to assume, are innocent and legitimate. Messrs. Clements and Waterson's hints and guidance on these points should be invaluable.

War—Woman's Opportunity—III

THE ORDINARY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

IN the previous articles I have dealt with the war from woman's standpoint, not merely as a terrible emergency in which she may render efficient help, but as a great and splendid opportunity, in which she may rise to the position in the world's economy of which she has dreamed, and towards which she has been training herself for many years. Of necessity I touched chiefly on its effect on women free to devote themselves to relief work, or to business organisation, or to the filling of the many posts which become every day more numerous; and on the urgent problems of unemployment and the readjustment of trade that are the pressing features of the moment. The same principles apply to the greater class of women whose lives are mapped out for them, or who live in country districts, remote from the great centres of labour.

Opportunity and reconstruction are everywhere in the air. War is like an upheaval in the natural world, that lays bare the foundations of things. This has taken place in the social world recently, and peculiarly in the world of women. Always we are more hemmed in by convention than men, and our lives tend to run in a family or social groove. The outbreak of war swept all this away. On every hand there was a reversal to primary conditions. During its early days we ourselves and our children were faced with possible hunger and invasion and personal contact with the horrors of war. All thought of pleasure or culture or luxury fled before the elemental necessities of life. Food and self-protection were the only things that remained to us. In the ensuing weeks these fears have faded, but we have shared in spirit in the unspeakable sufferings of mind

and body that have assailed the countries where the struggle is being enacted.

No woman can look upon such sights and remain the same. But more than this has happened. At home conditions which existed in part before have been revealed and intensified by the war. Destitution and unemployment, and the tremendous inequalities of life are subjects on which universal attention is fixed, while classes are united as at no other time by a common cause.

And now, while these feelings burn strong, is woman's opportunity for righting wrongs which have existed, and for putting things on a better footing. Much fresh employment is being started. The Government relief committees are organising new forms of industry for women, and training workers in other trades; let us see to it that the sweating of female and child labour which has disgraced past years shall be impossible in the new conditions. For this women were to some extent responsible in their eagerness for bargains and cheap goods, which flooded the country from foreign markets and left the home worker underpaid in the strain of such competition. Here is the opportunity of the housewife—to use all possible fairness and discrimination in buying and to refuse articles sold below a reasonable price. At this juncture women may play a considerable part in setting commerce on an honest, clean, and patriotic basis. Many of the industries projected especially concern women—toymaking, lace, artificial flowers, to mention a few. Who so competent to design these things and place them on the market as the women who will wear them, whose children will use them, and who will control their sale? And every woman trained as a skilled worker is placed within reach of an honourable living, one forward step.

Another opportunity is in the case of domestic servants. A common cause binds all—every class has sons or fathers or brothers in the field, and the girls in service are as anxious as their employers to contribute to the soldiers' comfort and the relief of those left at home. This may easily be the foundation of better feeling between mistress and maid, and do much to abolish the servant problem, which is largely the result of misunderstanding.

In country districts the opportunity is largely that of practical help and influence. Committees are affiliated with the London centre, and their work is chiefly carried out by women. The closer intercourse that this has brought about between educated women and the poor affords great scope for instilling better methods as well as higher ideals and a wider outlook, and for providing training for the boys and girls of the countryside. Influence and example are of great importance in a war which is largely one of moral against misused physical force. The presence of the Belgian refugees has added to activities and problems. It becomes imperative that men and women should have work put in their hands before the dark days set in. In all this work undertaken we need to keep the end in view, the rehabilitation of the nations concerned after the

struggle, so that honour and prosperity and peace may emerge from the wreck of homes and cities and human life; and the ordering of affairs so that it shall be impossible for such suffering to be loosed on the world again. This will be the subject of another article.

The Theatre and Recruiting

EVERY playgoer will hope that the scheme developed by Mr. Edward Knoblauch and Mr. Seymour Hicks at the London Opera House may be crowned with success. If it be true that a European war is bound to harm the art of the theatre, there is a deeper truth in the fact that England needs a million more men in the field. It is this second fact that appeals to the authors of "England Expects—" and they have carried out their idea that enlistment may be encouraged by spectacle, sentiment and drama with enthusiasm. Everyone with a spare hour should see this high endeavour consummated.

The prices for the most luxurious seats range from 6d. to 2s.; the wide and comfortable gallery is free; the performance is given three times a day, at 2.30, 7 and 9 o'clock. Thus it will be seen that the management are spreading their nets sufficiently wide to include the men most wanted at the moment in the British Army. We may hear of cases in which the immense rush of recruits has met with regretted lack of organisation on the part of the authorities, but those difficulties have now been overcome, and it is for the long struggle and final noble victory that such a play as the present is intended to help to provide men. By the time that "England Expects—" has become widely known and has stimulated patriotism, the military arrangements will be in perfect working order and every comfort and inducement will be given to the young Englishman who is a soldier at heart.

Although the note of spirited patriotism is boldly sounded in the action, the songs, the pictures, and the music, room is found for much agreeable humour and many a witty thrust at our national weaknesses.

Artistically, the best piece of characterisation is that of Mr. H. Evans as the 1st Recruiting Sergeant; Miss Isobel Elsom, as the beautiful Lady Mary Winthrope, and Miss Lily Maxwell, as the Coster Girl, unite in making this sketch attractive. Mr. Hicks as the protagonist of enlistment whether one be old or young, suitable or unfit, is the personification of energy. The most touching, and even beautiful, scene is "marching" on the Road to Cambrai; it is such a picture as this which will prove of the greatest value, we believe, in helping the object of the play. Before the play, Miss Esmé Beringer recites, with admirable effect and charm, some verses of Mr. Kipling, including "Erbert the Bank Clerk"—a piece which already "dates" a little. The clerk in a bank to-day is not "Erbert" or anything like him, but the intention of the whole programme is splendid and of great national value. EGAN MEW.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY.

Rolls House, Brems Buildings, London, E.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Third of the War Series)

True to the British Raj! the land of Princes shows
Its loyalty to Emperor, its mettle 'gainst his foes.

- (1) The vaunted German "I" lies here, confined;
The fruits of which to China are assigned.
- (2) An Empire neutral! All the same
We know it has a warlike fit on,
If, to our foes, it adds its name,
Then that's a thing we ought to sit on.
- (3) The enemy may do this; still
We know our Forces never will!
- (4) "Culture!" Away with it! one shuns
All that the mis-used word pretends!
See how this peaceful practice ends!
See the fell work of German Huns!
- (5) The mask is stripped!
It starts, equipped;
A grubby thing
Developing.

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Second of the War Series)

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

"Richard III," Act i, 3.

Reincarnated Richard! why, sir,
Surely he's the German Kaiser!

- (1) In all recruits they try sight
(The sense of sight ranks high);
But this, above all eyesight,
Is higher than the eye.
 - (2) He lives in New Zealand, and asks that he may
Come forth as a soldier, and fight in the fray.
 - (3) Truth always will! and we must do
Our duty, so that we may, too.
 - (4) Stubborn foes, but loyal friends;
Whose Empire o'er the world extends.
 - (5) "What will not ambition and —
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soared."
 - (6) Some lies are supported through thick and through thin,
But the worst ones, thus stamped, are the ones from
Berlin.
 - (7) This festival the Romans held,
Because the Tarquins were expelled.
- | | | | |
|-----|---|----------|---|
| (1) | E | yebro | W |
| (2) | M | aor | I |
| (3) | P | revail | L |
| (4) | E | nglish | H |
| (5) | R | eveng | E |
| (6) | O | fficia | L |
| (7) | R | egifugiu | M |

Note.—No. 5, Milton's "Paradise Lost," ix, lines 168-170. Solutions to No. 1 ("The War") were received from Anvil, T. J. Beard, Bill, Bor, Chutney, Foncet, Geomat, Hoblyn, Kamsin, Ko, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Nemo, Ocol, S. R. Potter, Mrs. R. Rogers, Sadykins, Sajoth, Sutton, W. J. Tiltman, C. P. Wadsworth, Morgan Watkins, Wiccamicus, Wilbro, Wrekin, and Zeta.

Will Competitors please note change of address?

SOLUTION TO SPECIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Equal!

- (a) "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"
- (b) Down! down! down! where the dead men sleep
On ocean beds! (the meaning's deep!).
- (c) Acknowledge this, and I must win;
Admit it, and you cannot lose;
It seems a paradox, but in
The end you'll see 'tis clear—now choose!
- (d) A youthful citizen appears,
A beardless boy of twenty years.
The order of the lights has to be discovered.

- | | | | | |
|-----|-----|---|------|---|
| (b) | (1) | D | ept | H |
| (d) | (2) | E | pheb | E |
| (a) | (3) | A | rom | A |
| (c) | (4) | D | efea | T |

Notes.—No. 2, Greek Derivation Epi (upon) Hebe (early manhood). No. 3, Moore.

Kamsin (W. G. Cool, 105, Gleneldon Road, Streatham, S.W.) solved this correctly, and therefore wins the first prize; Enos, with two lights correct, has the second prize; and Wilbro (W. A. Brown, 47, Gubyon Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.), with a clever attempt, has one light correct, therefore taking the third prize. Will Enos please forward name and address? Cheques are being forwarded.

The running was very close, and the leading solvers may be interested to know their score. Full marks (58), Enos, Wilbro, Kamsin; 55, W. J. Tiltman; 54, F. C. Moore; 52, Mrs. A. Rogers; 50, Nelisha; 48, Morgan Watkins; 42, Sadykins.

MOTORING

THOSE prospective buyers of motor-cars who decided, on the outbreak of war, to postpone their purchases indefinitely will do well to reconsider the matter, and to weigh carefully the advice of our contemporary *The Autocar*, which is to buy now. When the war is over, it will take a long time for the countries immediately involved to restore their manufacturing facilities. Germany and France, the two most important sources of Continental supply, will be almost out of the market; Belgium, another important factor, even more so. Taking the most optimistic view, Great Britain will also require time to re-establish its normal production. America is the only big country which, as far as can be seen, will be comparatively unaffected in this matter. With production practically limited to Great Britain and America, it seems certain that after the war the demand for cars will be very much greater than the supply; therefore prices will be much higher. In fact, there will be, in all probability, a decided shortage. As *The Autocar* points out, many hundreds, or perhaps we should say thousands, now being used for military work abroad, will never come back to this country. The number of new cars being manufactured is, of course, much smaller than usual, and existing stocks of chassis are being used up for commercial vehicles to compensate for the horses which have been commandeered for military purposes. With the probability, then, that manufacture will only be gradually resumed, the outputs in vogue before the war cannot suddenly be reinstated, and this alone will increase the cost of production. Prices which have been based upon an output of a certain magnitude cannot hold good when

work is resumed on a smaller scale. It follows, therefore, that those who are in a position to order now should do so for their own sake, as well as for the sake of those dependent upon this industry. Incidentally, too, as our contemporary points out, purchasers now will naturally receive a degree of personal attention impossible in times of normal demand.

Suggestions have been made in the Press to the effect that owners of cars could carry out useful work by taking convalescent soldiers for drives, and many members of the Automobile Association have offered to help in this way. For some reason or other, however, the War Office authorities, while fully appreciating the spirit in which the offers are made, are unable to take advantage of them. In the circumstances, the Secretary of the Association can only suggest that something in the direction indicated may be done by direct communication with the local hospitals.

Over 250 of the road patrols employed by the Automobile Association and Motor Union have already enlisted in Lord Kitchener's new army, the latest batch consisting of 100 men specially selected for service with the 8th (Cyclist) Battalion Essex Regiment. These will be under the command of Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary, who has rejoined as captain. In reply to many inquiries from members as to how they can assist the patrols and those of the A.A. staff who have left to serve their country, the committee, while deprecating anything in the nature of begging, desire to state that gifts of field-glasses for the use of the non-commissioned officers and of suitable under-clothing for the men would be cordially appreciated. Parcels should be addressed to the Automobile Association and Motor Union, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.

A comprehensive scheme to raise additional money for the Australian Patriotic Fund has been organised by the Dunlop Rubber Company of Australasia. It will operate practically throughout the Commonwealth, and it is anticipated that it will result in a large sum being handed over to the general fund which is being collected in all the capitals for the sustenance and relief of the Australian Expeditionary Forces.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THERE is a sort of simulated activity creeping over the crowd of brokers and dealers who congregate each day in the street. These gentry declare that they are doing a little business. I am somewhat doubtful;

but I can see signs of a few people who have Army contracts smelling round to buy armament shares, which have risen impetuously. For example, Kynochs are up £5, and Birmingham Small Arms 10s.—very important advances. Naturally, with the Government pouring out orders at war prices, such firms must make very large profits, and the shares are worth buying even at the advanced prices. But there is no business at all in the gilt-edged market, where the farce of fixed prices has completely killed business, and it is equally impossible to do any business in outside and little-dealt-in stocks. There seems some desire to buy back speculative stocks, as any decisive victory might harden up quotations and catch the "bears" short when the House re-opens. But there is no genuine buying by the public at large.

Personally I cannot see any reason why people should buy to-day. The war must last a year, and may last two or three years. We must not believe all the newspaper stories about the German trade and German woe. These are made for the consumption of the reader of the half-penny press. Why people in these days should need their courage kept up by tales of Teuton distress I do not know. The latest Reichsbank return shows over eighty-five millions of gold—an increase on the week of 2½ millions in gold and silver. If the German nation has been hoarding, and it may have been, then the gradual improvement in the cash position shows that the attempt to secrete gold and silver is being broken down. Notes in circulation have also gone down three millions, which shows that the demand for currency has fallen away, probably as the result of bad trade.

I think we must face a long and painful period of bad trade and a very heavy depreciation in all securities. Nothing can save us from this. But the newspapers apparently consider that if you say "all is well" you make it well by the mere fact of saying so. I cannot agree. Many foolish people will believe the newspapers and spend money which they will need when really hard days come upon us.

The Government has decided to end the moratorium on November 4. I do not see how it can do anything else. It stops all trading. It chloroforms the man of business—who does not know where he is. There are some who are agitating for an increase. The firms whose money is locked up abroad will suffer, no doubt, but the Law Courts have every power to help such people, and no creditor with such knowledge will be foolish enough to proceed to extreme measures. The moratorium must be ended, we all know that. The longer it lasts the more difficult it will be to end. If we kept it going a year there would always be people who would cry out for an extension.

The Stock Exchange is no nearer opening than it was when war closed its doors, but to-day all the various schemes which were suggested have been forgotten, as they deserved to be. When the House does re-open it is possible that the Committee may decide to cancel all bargains done after the end of July account. That seems a reasonable arrangement, as the House closed down at once and it is hardly fair to expect people to keep to a bargain which was done for the mid-August settlement when on such a date the House was closed. I am not sure that in actual law all such bargains could not be repudiated or cancelled by those who made them.

The event of the week has been the report of the Brazil Railway—a most hopeless document. But one must admit that the Board does not attempt to disguise the fact. It admits that nearly all the side shows in which huge sums of money have been sunk have not yet come to the producing stage—and probably never will if the truth were known. It admits that the Madeira-Marmore Railway whose shares and bonds it holds has been badly hurt by

the rubber slump. The Panlista and the Mogyana appear to have done well, but we must not forget that the report only takes us up to the end of 1913. The present year will be much worse; the financial crisis in Brazil was only beginning. To-day Brazil has defaulted, and the condition of the country is terrible. The plain truth is that Farquhar completely lost his head—not for the first time—and plunged into the wildest schemes. If he could have had as many million pounds as he had dollars he might have pulled through, for there was a basis of money-making at the back of each scheme. But he needed a purse of Fortunatus. Schroeders appear to have got out, but the Société Generale, Speyers, and others must be heavily landed with what to-day looks like a total loss. We must recognise that the bonds are only secured upon contracts to run railways, not upon the railways themselves. They are not really bonds in the English sense of the word. They are more like preference stock. If anyone holds any of these Brazil Railway Bonds I should advise an immediate sale even at the present low price.

The Birmingham Small Arms Co. shares, which I advised people to buy at 45s., have risen to 55s., and the report just issued is excellent. In a bad year for the motor trade the company has actually made more profit than it did in the previous year. The Daimler Company now belongs to the B.S.A., but we are not told how much profit has been made from the Daimler, and how much from the ordinary business of the company. The dividend of 15 per cent., which has been paid for many years, is again declared. The Reserves are now over £400,000, and the position is undoubtedly sound, for the concern owes only a small sum, and cash and investments come to nearly £900,000. The shares are a cheap purchase, for the company has big war contracts on hand.

Inch Kenneth report is disappointing. The output of rubber is lower, and the profits have tumbled to £9,689. Thus the dividend is reduced to 15 per cent. When we remember that people bid £19 for these shares in the House, we are astonished at the mad optimism of that period, and the losses that must have accrued. The estate has been over-tapped and over-planted, and 50,000 trees have been cut down or pollarded; whether the latter treatment will have any good effect is perhaps doubtful. The board has plenty of money in hand.

Johannesburg Consolidated report shows a profit round about that of last year; but the directors say that they cannot pay the 5 per cent. dividend already declared, because the money is locked up on the Stock Exchange and cannot be released. When the House re-opens no doubt the shareholders will get the warrants. This well-managed concern is a splendid example of the trouble that war brings even upon gold-mining companies. The Kaffir magnates always lend their money to the market freely. They do not seem to have been able to get it out in time. Clearly they were not in the confidence of the Germans.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PROFITS OF WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A machine not built to specification would fail to perform the functions for which it is intended. There is something wrong somewhere, which the designer should at once seek to rectify.

A lot has been said by the Press and writers as to the apparent unwillingness of men to come forward to serve their country at this time, but the thought engaging my mind has not, so far as I have seen, been dealt with.

Is it not time that the spirit of commercialism dominat-

ing this country had a rest? The policy of the Kaiser in the military world is condemned on all hands, but precisely the same thing in the commercial world in this country has been prevalent now for some years. The small trader has been squeezed out, and the battleships of the large concerns are built one against the other to the detriment of the general community. Banks, insurance companies, stores, etc., etc., all seek to occupy the position of the Kaiser in their particular line, so that the failure of one of them at this juncture might possibly be a national failure.

With the 'Call to Arms' came the call to 'collar' Germany's trade, and this latter appeals to the majority of our people as much the more comfortable procedure. One could philosophise for columns, but a practical suggestion may be worth the whole.

The position of an eligible man who refuses to enlist after being asked to do so by his employer, needs no discussion. I would, therefore, suggest that those firms who will urge every eligible man in their employ to enlist, shall be guaranteed some compensation for their losses by the Government should their businesses materially suffer by their action. On the other hand a special Income Tax might be applied to those people whose businesses have materially benefited in consequence of the war. There will be abuses, but I believe there are still more honest men than rogues left in this country, and such sacrifices as are necessary to be borne, let us all share them alike. Yours faithfully,

E. GILLON.

47, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

"TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND IN THE ANTIPODES."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me, as an Australian, to protest against the article contributed to your last issue by Mr. Williams? With much seriousness he proceeds to solve problems which, as his article will convince Australians, at any rate, require more knowledge in the commentator than Mr. Williams has at his service. His opinion about our national acumen is lacking in value; the Japanese question, the peopling of the northern territory, the admission of that alien element beloved of land-sweaters but not of land-lovers—under all these heads, though not on every point, Mr. Williams talks wide of the mark. The truth perhaps is that one needs a local and national as well as an international perspective before he can "feel" these things properly. I am, etc.,

ROBERT BRISBANE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Taunton Williams, there is certainly a method of populating Northern Australia with Europeans if the Commonwealth Government were to act according to enlightened economic principles. At present they go absolutely the wrong way to work, holding up the land at an arbitrary price instead of throwing it open free, and doing nothing whatever to organise settlement.

If facilities were given to establish self-sufficing communities on garden city principles, the land of each group being held in common, and the rents, fixed by free competition, used entirely for public purposes, each township being surrounded by an agricultural belt so as to avoid as far as possible wasteful trading with outsiders, and all industries so proportioned that only commodities unobtainable within the community should be imported, there would be practically no limit to the extension and prosperity of such settlements, which would interfere with no other markets and constitute pure additions to the wealth and population of the continent. Respectfully yours,

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